

A HARD MAN TO BEAT

THE LIVE RAILROAD AGENT IS UP TO ALL SORTS OF TRICKS.

Circus People Are Pretty Cheap Themselves, but This Story Shows How One Party Was Cleverly Outwitted by the Hostile Railroad.

"There are people who think you can't beat a circus man, but I want to tell you that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man."

The old sawdust manager had tried it. He continued:

"Know where Purcell is in the Indian Territory? Away down at the jumping off place on the Santa Fe road. The show had been at Purcell and we wanted to get out in the night for a long run. We were going to make a jump to Kansas City. Not far from Purcell is another town, Oklahoma City. At that point a competing road with the Santa Fe runs in. We had 500 people, and of course the railroad men were after us. It was a big haul. Some of our people bought through tickets from Purcell, and they didn't worry. But about 200, maybe more, of the crowd that always hangs over a 10 cent ticket concluded to take the Santa Fe from Purcell to Oklahoma City, pay the short haul, and then take the competing line at Oklahoma, the agents of which were active and full of promises."

"Then the Santa Fe man fixed it so the ticketers couldn't buy any tickets from Purcell to Oklahoma, for the train we were to go on was a special. The ticketers said that was all right; that they would wait for the regular. In less than five minutes a bulletin was slipped on the board of the station to the effect that the regular Santa Fe was 19 hours late. That made the fellows who were dickering for a cheaper rate turn white around their gills."

"In another five minutes I saw a man on a track velocipede scudding down the stretch. Every man to his business. So I thought the railroad people knew what they were doing, and they did. That chap on the velocipede was going down the track to flag the regular and hold it indefinitely. Smart trick, wasn't it? Wait till I tell you. There was a smarter trick than that."

"When the special got ready to pull out, the ticketers asked the agent if they could pay on the train from Purcell to Oklahoma, and he said 'Cert.' So they all boarded the train at Purcell, intending to get off at Oklahoma. Just before the train pulled out the agent walks down to the engine and asks the old man at the throttle how long he had been on the road and about the capacity of his iron horse, and so forth."

"How many miles an hour can she go at her best?" asked the agent.

"On a good track, 65 miles."

"Is it a good track through Oklahoma City?"

"Yes, pretty good."

"All right. You've got no orders to stop there now to slow up, have you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, when you get to the edge of the town you let her go. Don't stop for anything—flags or teams or cattle. Scoot through the town at a 65 mile gait, or more if you like, and don't slow up until you strike that strip of desolation about 11 miles 't other side and you smoke a box of the finest cigars in Chicago. Is it a go?"

"If I don't get no orders 'fore I start."

"Well, you are five minutes late now."

"In a minute, and I calculate it was less, the circus special was under way. It went around curves like a scared snake. It shot across straight lines like a gasolene that had been ignited. It whirled the dust of that country into the sky. After awhile we saw a town. Then we went through it like the woman that's shot from the catapult, only more so. One of the dicketers, who was smiling to think the conductor had not yet come round, asked a brakeman as the train was going through the street, 'What town is this?' The brakeman said, 'Oklahoma City.'"

"The dicketer's smile faded as it came, as the poet says, and his hair stood up, and turning to the brakeman he says:

"Jezecrimini! Stop her! Here's where we get off!"

"She doesn't even hesitate at a town like this," said the brakeman.

"Well, about 11 miles on this side, in a strip of country where a crow can't live and where an Indian wouldn't be caught dead, the old man beside me to slow up. The conductor came through just then and said:

"Tickets!"

"Well, say, that was a funny sight. Them that had tickets showed up and then went to sleep. But the dicketers began to kick. They said they should have been let off at Oklahoma City. The conductor said the train didn't stop at Oklahoma, that it wasn't scheduled to stop there, and that he wasn't going to go back that trip. The leader of the dicketers for cheap fares wanted to know what was to be done."

"The conductor was an old timer. He had a face on him like a woman who never loved anybody. He just told them, 'Pay or get off.' Then they asked him where they could pay to. And he said the train wouldn't stop any more until it got to Kansas City the next morning unless it stopped to put them off. And he reached up and caught the bullro."

"And every one of the dicketers paid to Kansas City. And, of course, under the railroad law, they paid more than they would have paid if they had bought tickets at Purcell. And that's what I mean when I say that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man."

—New York Sun.

He—Do you know there is a trick in riding a wheel? She—Of course I do. I tumbled first time.

Liver Complaint

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—Health Now Good.

"I was a sufferer from liver complaint in its worst form, but Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured me and I have been in good health ever since and able to do the work on a large farm. Many of my friends have also taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with great benefit."

Miss Dora C. Cramer, Minersville, Cal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.00 per bottle. Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

It is always considered a neat thing to say in an obituary notice of a man that he was the greatest assistance to his family.

When a woman is asked to guess the price of another woman's bargain, she always makes it twice as big as she really thinks, for the sake of courtesy.

It sometimes happens that the bride is the best man at a wedding.

FORTUNES LOST BY GAMBLERS.

Millions that Change Hands on the Turn of a Card.

Benson, the jubilee plunger, thought it worth while to write or have written for him a book telling how, in 1887, he spent and gambled away a fortune of \$250,000. Yet Benson was by no means a record; indeed, if a list of the biggest losses in a single year by gamblers were compiled it would be found that Benson would not be in the first hundred.

The famous Lady Castlemaine was one of the most notorious gamblers of her day. Peppy, in his amusing diary, tells us that in a single night her losses amounted to over \$25,000, and that, too, in a time, he remembered, when money had two or three times its present purchasing power.

Nell Gwynne, actress and court favorite, beggared herself times over and over again at the gaming table. Her contemporary, the Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the famous cardinal of that name, raised in many days large sums of money, always to lose them in the card room.

Charles James Fox, as well as being a great statesman, was a notorious gambler. He lost enormous sums, and managed to get through several fortunes. His own estate and fortune passed out of his hands very early, and then Lord Holland paid for him \$140,000 to rid him of his debts.

Fortunes that came to him afterward by way of the gambling clubs of St. James and Pall Mall. Fox always took his beating like a man; he was the coolest gambler of a gambling age, and watched the turn-up of a card on which thousands depended with an apparent stoic indifference.

The clubs at the end of the last century were hotbeds of gambling. Lord St. Davids lost \$11,000 at one sitting. Almack's one night, and was rising to go when the winner offered to throw him the dice for double or quits; Lord St. Davids did so and won.

At the Cocoa Tree, a famous club in its day, there was in 1780 one famous evening, of which the records are still preserved, when a sum of \$180,000 depended on a single hazard.

As an instance of the enormous sums lost even early in this century, it may be stated that the club known as Crockett's was started in 1827 by a fishmonger of that name; by keeping a hazard game he retired in 1840, twice over a millionaire.

To come to more recent times, the late Lord Waterford lost on the turf, and by his eccentric wagers, immense sums, the precise amount of which it would be impossible to set down. The Marquis of Hastings retired till he became at once the terror and the joy of the racing fraternity. His losses on "Hermes Derby" were considerably over \$100,000.

When Abington Baird died it was computed that his losses on the turf alone amounted to close on half a million.—The Bits.

Retaining a Seat.

A judgment of the greatest importance and interest to railway travelers was delivered recently by Judge Emden. A gentleman traveling from London to Hastings had occasion to leave the carriage at Tunbridge Wells, and took the ordinary precaution of reserving his seat with his umbrella and newspapers. While he was absent another passenger seized his place and refused to vacate it until forcibly ejected. As a result an action for damages was brought against the original owner of the seat by the intruder, and a counter-claim for similar damages was entered by the other side as well.

The judgment delivered was one which will commend itself to ninety-nine out of every hundred travelers. The claim for damages for ejectment was dismissed and the counter-claim allowed.

For the future, therefore, the cantankerous individual who persists in disturbing the comfort and convenience of travelers in the manner indicated will know how he stands, and that if the owner of the seat thinks fit to bundle him out neck and crop the latter will not only have the sympathy of the public but the law as well on his side. There can be no question whatever that the universal mode of retaining a seat in a railway carriage is a most reasonable and convenient one, and the thanks of the public are due to Judge Emden for his very clear and sensible interpretation of the law. Not the least important point in his judgment is his assertion that the holder of a seat was entitled to use reasonable force to eject an intruder.—London Globe.

A Fortunate Accident.

In a splendid room in the palace of Potsdam, one of the decorations is the figure of a large spider wrought in gold. An interesting tradition attaches to this piece of work. It commemorates an incident in the life of Frederick William, the grand-uncle of the present Emperor of Germany. An attempt had been made to poison him in a cup of chocolate. By chance a spider fell into the cup, and for this reason the beverage was given to a dog, who immediately upon taking it died. The cook was afterward hanged, and the golden spider in the Potsdam palace immortalized the incident.

Strange Chinese Law.

If a Chinaman dies while being tried for murder, the very fact of his dying is taken as evidence of his guilt. He has departed, but somebody must suffer, and his eldest son, if he has one, is sent to prison for a year. If he has no son, then his father or brother gets a flogging. It's all in the family, and justice must be administered.

Told the Truth Once.

Nuwed—According to you, I never told you a single truth before we were married.

Mrs. Nuwed—Oh, George; you weren't quite so bad as all that. Don't you remember you always used to say you were unworthy of me?—Life.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Humorous Sayings and Doings Here and There.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

She Was Not to Be Caught. Mr. Bigler—I see we're liable to have a powder famine.

Mrs. Bigler—Mercy, William, is that so? I must run right over to the drug store and get half a dozen boxes.

A Rare Bird. "I used to think that Paisley wasn't much of a patriot, but I've changed my mind."

"Why? Has he enlisted?"

"No, but he doesn't pretend to know more than the authorities at Washington do about the way this war should be conducted."

A Mistake. "How do you do, Miss Leslie? So awfully glad to see you again. So sorry you weren't at Lady Brown's dance last night. The positively was not one pretty girl in the room?"

"I am not Miss Leslie. But I was at Lady Brown's dance last night!"—London Punch.

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Her Reservation. She—You know, John, when we were married I placed my life entirely in your keeping.

He—No, dear, you are mistaken. You gave me no control whatever over your powers of speech.

No Doubt of It. Writings—I think I'll write a popular song. The man who wrote "On the Wabash" made thousands.

Kidder—Tired?—Up To Date.

Doubtful. Scribbler—I have written a new play and called it "Cash."

Hilber—I'm afraid you won't be able to produce it.—Up To Date.

He Wasn't Very Much. Amy—He's all the world to her.

Maudie—How limited her knowledge of geography is.—Up To Date.

To Prove It. Jiggins—Jubley, they tell me you are a lightning calculator.

Jubley—That's what I claim to be. Jiggins—Then tell me where the next flash of lightning is going to strike, will you?—Galveston News.

He Understood. Walter (in quest of a tip)—Is everything satisfactory, sir?

Diner—Everything was until you spoke.—Boston Transcript.

Impudent Mix. Aunt Abbie—Perhaps you would not believe that your uncle married me for my beauty?

Saucy Niece—Oh, one can believe almost anything of poor, innocent Uncle George.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Paragon. "Ah, that little widow across the way must be an excellent woman."

"Why?"

"When her husband died none of the neighbors said: 'Well, the poor man can rest at last.'"

A Desirable Wish. "Yes, she charms all her own dress."

"Pity she couldn't get somebody else to wear 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Musical Hint. He—Do you like singing?

She—I was always carried away with it.

The Worm Turns. "Hah, prond Hannah Hopkins, yer scorn me now, but wait till I goes ter war an kill er tounsan Spaniards an git made er general or somethin, an den we'll see who's who?"—New York Journal.

Approval at Last. "Johnson has finally done something that all who know him will applaud."

"You don't say! What is it?"

"He has decided to move away."

Beginning Early. "I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line."

"Why? I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot?"

"She was until our baby was born, six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we will not like."

Bad Either Way. Gladys—Don't go, George! Don't leave me! Don't run the risk of losing your life and leaving me to mourn for you all the rest of my days. How can I endure the anxiety, knowing that you are in danger?"

George—There, darling, don't worry. It's all right. I'm going into the commissary department.

Gladys—Oh, George! That's even worse! How can I ever marry a cook?

His Only Fear.

"I want a gentle horse for my wife to drive," said the prospective purchaser.

"Yes, indeed," replied the owner; "there is not a safer horse for a lady to be found anywhere, and there is but one thing he's afraid of."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"He is awfully afraid some one will say 'whoa' to him and he won't hear it," replied the conscientious owner.

Reversed. "My life was spoiled, lady," said the traveler, "by my wife's cooking."

"Was it so very bad?"

"No, lady; it was good. So good that my friends ate me out of house and home."—New York Evening Journal.

Tactful. An Arcadia lady the other evening had company who tarried beyond the usual bedtime of the young hopeful of the family; thereupon he remarked: "Ma, let's go to bed; these folks want to go home."—Arcadia (Ind.) Arcadian.

Not Yet. "I would like you to write me a policy," said the man who was about to depart for Cuba.

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the insurance agent.—Philadelphia North American.

Not in Th a Country. He—Poverty may not be pleasant, but we can, at least, make it respectable.

She—Where?

A Side Swipe. He—What an intelligent-looking girl that Miss Smartleigh is.

She—Yes; but, for goodness sake, don't let her hear you. She really thinks she is pretty.

How She Guessed. Maud—Don't you think these new pictures of me are lovely?

Marie—They are, indeed. Who took them—De Camera?

Maud—Yes. What made you think he took them?

Marie—I see he is advertising that he has the most skillful retoucher in town.

After the Wedding. "Why did you say no the first time I asked you to be mine?"

"I wanted to guard against the danger of becoming the wife of a man who had no perseverance."

A Wronged Man. Parker—You're been talking for several months past about the woes of the Cuban and demanding that this country go to war for the purpose of setting them free, but your sympathy doesn't seem to have led you to do anything substantial toward putting an end to the trouble.

Hawley—That's just where you're away off, like all the rest of the cowards who have advocated peace; I paid out \$3.00 for stuff that my wife is using to make a battle flag for the regiment that is being recruited here.

Heredity. "I wanted to guard against the danger of becoming the wife of a man who had no perseverance."

She (after the battle)—I can't imagine where our Fritz got his amiable temper.

He—Oh, from you without doubt, for I still have mine.—Helene Welt.

The Mean Thing. She—Yes, dearest, I made this cake all alone.

He—I can't believe that. Somebody must, at least, have helped you lift it out of the oven.

Too Lascivious for Them. Tenant—You'll have to reduce the rent or get the authorities to assign a new policeman to our district.

Landlord—What's the matter? I always supposed it was a very quiet neighborhood.

Tenant—It's quiet enough, but the policeman on that beat is a married man and we have to pay our girls extra high wages on that account to get them to stay.

Appreciative. Mr. Van Metre—I hope you received the volume of my poems that I sent you?

Miss Fickley—Yes, I was awfully glad to get it. I have placed it on a table in the drawing-room.

Mr. Van Metre—Indeed! I feel highly honored.

Miss Fickley—I think the binding is a real work of art.

Moral Stop First and Think. She—You say I am the first girl you ever made love to, but your manner indicates that you have had experience.

He—Please explain how you know that.

After he had gone she was almost tempted to jab herself with her hatpin.

A Meteorite that Paid a Mortgage. An illustration of uses to which meteorites may be put before their real character is known is afforded by those of Kiowa County, Kansas. They fell, says a writer in St. Nicholas, on a prairie where rocks were scarce and valuable, and the farmers of the vicinity found meteorites convenient for holding down haystacks, stable roofs, or covers to rain barrels. For such purposes they might have been used for a long time had not the wife of one of the farmers become convinced that there was something unusual about them and called an expert to examine them. He at once recognized their nature, and the enterprising woman finally sold hers to seekers after curios and to scientific societies for enough to pay off a heavy mortgage upon the farm.

Now Comes an Automatic Doctor. One of the most remarkable developments of the automatic machine is a "Dr. Cureall" in Holland. It is a wooden figure of a man, with compartments all over it labeled with the names of various ailments. If you have a pain, find its corresponding location on the figure, drop a coin into the slot, and the proper pill or powder will come out.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK.

Truth.—The soul lives by truth and is nourished and developed by truth.—Rev. Father Mackey, Catholic, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Love and Duty.—Love makes the best of every condition; love is the guarantee of duty.—Rev. Charles M. Shepard, Presbyterian, Evanston, Wyo.

Ideals.—We are the missionaries of the ideal, the conscience of the universe, the soul of which nature is but the body.—M. Mangasarian, Ethical Culture, Chicago, Ill.

The Home.—A house with fine appointments is not a home, but the oneness of purpose, the love and confidence bestowed make the home.—Rev. F. H. Lewis, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

Music and Heaven.—The nearer one gets to heaven the more he likes music. The only time Jesus sang was just before he was taken by the soldiers.—Dwight L. Moody, Evangelist, New York City.

The Average Man.—An average man may by persistent employment of average faculties come to achieve genius, come to be a class out of the ordinary, come to be a leader.—Rev. Thomas Van Ness, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

The Soul.—A pool of water is a thing of beauty when the moon shines on it, and the smallest soul that overflows with the spirit of God is a thing of beauty when the spirit of God is reflected therein.—Rev. George H. Hepworth, Congregationalist, New York City.

The Sayings of Jesus.—Jesus' sayings impress us not as the exhortations of the student, but as the inspirations that have come to one lying under broad trees or sitting on mountain tops to think.—Rev. Dr. Frank Craue, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Godlike Acts.—Never do we perform an act more like to the godlike act of our heavenly father than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to grow in hearts that were barren and desolate before.—Cardinal Gibbons, Catholic, New Orleans, La.

Individualities.—We are made from varying materials like the parts of the organ's mechanism, and the lesson of its harmonious workings to a great result teaches us to respect our own individualities.—Bishop Henry C. Potter, Episcopal, New York City.

Harmony.—Let our conduct harmonize with our knowledge of the mysteries of God, and so living in obedience to his precepts make certain our life of happiness through the endless ages.—Rev. M. G. Ryan, Episcopalian, San Francisco, Cal.

Making a Church.—Put the Christlife into two or three men and women and you have the vital nucleus of a church. You cannot make a church of a thousand ceremonial automatons. The key to the kingdom of heaven is a life, and the church must keep pace with a Christ who is alive forevermore.—Rev. W. T. Hutchins, Evangelist, Indian Orchard, Mass.

Of Society.—Society as a whole needs religion and morality for the development of the highest civilization and culture. Without the proper working of these two factors a human brotherhood marked by tolerance and the absence of hatred is impossible.—Rev. Dr. William Rosenau, Hebrew, Baltimore, Md.

Men and Scholars.—The object of the day is not to make scholars less scholarly, but to bring it to their hearts that the whole attitude of the Scripture upon the matter means that it is the order of the divine intention that a man should be a man before he is a scholar.—Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Youth.—A decision for the right in youth means a peaceful old age and a triumphant end. The bird of earthly love now singing in bowers of youth at the bridal altar and in the home circle shall be transformed into the bird of paradise, trilling the music of heaven.—Rev. Dr. T. M. Grith, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW TOY FOR THE NAVY.

Some of our sailors would enjoy using it on the Spaniards.

Here is a toy for the navy—one which some of the navy's men would enjoy playing with. It is a Dreges-Schroeder six-pound rifle. It can fire thirty-three shots a minute, and its projectile can pierce three inches of steel at a distance of three miles. It is the new

DREGES-SCHROEDER MACHINE GUN.

gun which has just been placed on the revenue cutter Gresham. It will be in charge of Gunner Fenn, who has been on the old cutter Andrew Jackson and on the Gresham for twenty-six years. The Gresham has only one six-pounder rifle, but she could easily increase her armament by four or five more. She has a speed of twenty-one miles an hour. But her chief weapon of offense is her torpedo tube.

Pretty Japanese Custom. At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched till the marriage of the child. When that hour arrives the tree is cut down and a skilled cabinetmaker transforms the wood into furniture, which is always cherished by the young couple as the most beautiful of the ornaments in the house.

Mrs. Horter (whose daughter is at the piano)—They tell me you have an ear for music, Mr. Humaner. Humaner—Yes; but by all means let your daughter go on with her playing and not mind me.—Boston Transcript.

The married men make the greatest fools of themselves in the name of Patriotism; the unmarried men still have an avenue open in Love.

The human race is but a contest for dollars.

Poultry Notes.

Clean out the feed troughs daily. It is well to feed a mash at all seasons.

Never throw soft feed on the ground. When hot weather comes stop feeding corn.

Do not expect eggs from overworked flocks. Underfed or overfed hens are poor layers.

Beans make a very excellent food for the hens. Fermented food will kill chicks, and does kill many.

Serious consequences will result from not supplying grit to confined flocks. If you want eggs and meat, too, the Plymouth Rock will do the business.

Feed-troughs should be large enough to give all the fowls opportunity to feed. There is more in giving the chicks good care than there is in the kind of feed.

Keep your dust-box full of dry dust and keep it where the hens can get at it at will. Clean that hen house from top to bottom. Do it thoroughly, and do not put it off another day.

Early moulting makes early layers. This is the advantage of saving the earliest-hatched pullets.

PUBLIC CLOCKS. Few great cities of America are adequately provided with public clocks of such size and so prominent location as to indicate the time to the citizen. But it is high time to check kidney and bladder complaint manifested to the sufferer by inactivity of the organs affected. Hostetter's Stomach Bitter remedies this as it does dyspepsia, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and nervousness.

"Heaven!" shrieked the heroine; "I am undone!" Come away, Sir! audibly remarked the lady in the audience, as she arose: "I ain't going to watch any dancin' act!"